Sweetheart Primeval

Tarzan's Creator Tells His Newest and Best Story

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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It was evident that they had but

THOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Yu, a care man, loves and is loved by Natul, a prehaboric woman of wondrous beauty. Natul, a relow-tribement. In Nu temporary absence on a lumine trip the tribe seeds to assignate. During the time of unrest less littings Natul. Nu, retorning home, finds and gare, and starts after her in swift purestit, Natul Allis Hud, and then hides for the night in a care. She hears a strange sound outside the care,

A Real Cave Woman.

sound of the midnight prowler.

That the creature, whatever it was, was making a systematic search of caves seemed all too apparent. It would be but a question of minutes before it would reach her hiding

Nat-ul grasped her knife more firmly. The sounds ceased upon the ledge directly beneath her.

Then, after a few moments, bere resumed, but to the girl's relief they now retreated down the steep bluff. Presently they ceased entirely, and though it was hours before she could quiet her fears, she at last fell into a deep slumber.

At dawn Nu, the son of Nu, awoke. He rose and stretched himself, standing in the glare of the new sun upon the ledge before his cave. Fifty feet above him slept the girl he loved. Nu gathered up his weapons and his bear skin and moved silently down

thirst.

Then he passed through the jungle

cliff face, looking first in one direct of new part and then another, often pausing for several minutes at a time to lister, naked but for a loin and then another, often pausing for several minutes at a time to lister, naked but for a loin the jungle and the sea and the air, for several minutes he stood watch threatened primeval—man as sorely from above as did the carnivars of the land from his own plane.

She came to the spring in safety and passed on into the jungle in search of food, for she was half familed. Fruits and vergetables and the present of the Boat Builders.

Never in his life had Tur looked and phased on into the jungle in search of food, for she was half familed, Fruits and vergetables and the carnivars of the Boat Builders.

Never in his life had Tur looked for the first had she sought, nor was she long in satisfying the gray than at the present, for she had in finitely more bountiful in those days than at the present, for she had in finitely more bountiful in those days than at the present, for she had in finitely more bountiful in those days than at the present, for she had in finitely more bountiful in those days than at the present, for she had in finitely more bountiful in those days than at the present, for she had in finitely more bountiful in those days than at the present, and then the other, and with the slates, among them the inalienable, dould be about upon the felled tree trunk that required so much exertion. Nu did not like work of that nature, it is true that he had not like work of that nature, it is irrue that he had not like work of that nature. It was a paddle. Tur tossed this double about upon the felled tree trunk that required so much exertion. Nu did not like work of that nature. It was a paddle. Tur tossed this double and then tunned could be about upon the felled tree trunk that required so much exertion. Nu did not like work of that nature. It was a paddle struck out visuored in the double and then the could be about upon the felled tree trunk that required so much exe

than at the present, for she had infinitely more numerous and often far
greater stomachs to satisfy then than
now.

Nat-ul passed through the jungle
to the beach. She had wanted to
bathe, but alone she dared not. Now
she stood wondering in which direction the tribe had gone. She knew
that ordinarily if they had been travciling either north or south they
would follow the hard-packed sand of
the beach, for there the travelling was
saciest, but the tide would have
mashed away their spoor long before
this.

Bhe had seen signs of their passage
north beside the jungle, but the trail
was an old, well-worn one traversed
daily by many feet, so she had not
been able to guess from it that it contained the guide to the direction her

Like a startled antelope, Nat-ul was
upon her feet.
At the same instant Tur leaped forwar to seize her. She was between
him and the camp she had been
was be to seize her. She was between
him and the camp she had been
was the direction the sound have
was the distance she was between
that the same instant Tur leaped forhar the same instant Tur leaped forward to seize her. She was between
him and the camp she had been
was been instant Tur leaped forhar the same instant Tur leaped fo

great sea, stretching away she knew not whither.

of the world-all beyond was an appalling waste of water.

To the southeast she could see the outlines of islands. They were familiar objects, yet shrouded in mystery. Often they formed the topic of conversation among her

was there upon them? Were they inhabited? And, if so, were the treatures men and women like them-

To Nat-ul they were as full of romantic mystery as are the stars and planets to us, but she knew less of them than we do of the countless brilliant islands that dot the silent sea of space—they were further from Nat-ul and her people than is Mars from us.

Nat-ul and her people than is actified to the control of the contr

terral metal and it.

A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD

There was a pleasure in the older man's eyes at sight of his son, but no smile upon his lips. He glanced at the head and pelt of Ur. "Oo did not return?" he asked. "Oo did not return," replied the

Nu, the son of Nu, looked about among the women and children and the uneasy warriors. She he sought was not there. His mother came and kissed him as did Una, his sister.

"Where is Nat-ul?" asked Nu, the

They differed in many ways from any people she had ever seen. Their skins were of the less dangerous anistable which fed upon grasses. Their head-dresses bore the horns of He laid his hand upon the other's buils and antelope, giving them, alto-shoulder.

in Nat. Nu. reterming home, finds, and starts after her in swift private, Had, and then hides for the night in the mass a strange seemd outside the care.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

Real Cave Woman.

CARCE breathing, she lay listening. Was it man or beast that roamed through the deserted haunts of her face of the cliff came the face of the cliff came the face of the cliff came the face of the midnight prowler.

The was a strange seemed all too apparent.

The had, and then hides for the night in the deserted haunts of her face of the cliff came the face o

familiar.

The stone axe was of a different lives, but unless she escaped Hud she shape, and the spear was much shorter and steuter, its point being barbed and having one end of a long, plaited and having one end of a long, plaited Nu, the son of Nu. I have spoken. Which way went they?"

No one could tell him.

All that they knew was that when the tribe set out from their old dwell.

The stone axe was of a different shape, and the spear was much shorter and stouter, its point being barbed and stouter, its point being barbed rather than mate with another than and having one end of a long, plaited sinew rope tied to it, while the balance of the rope was fastened in a coll at the warrior's side.

Nat-ul knew nothing of fisherfolk. Her own people often caught fish. Sometimes they speared them with their light spears, but they did not make a business of fishing. So she did not know that the spears of these strangers answered the double purpose of weapons of warfare and harpoons.

It was dead, for she would have died rather than mate with another than number of warfare and having one end of a long, plaited is dead, for she would have died rather than mate with another than mate

poons.

What interested her most, however, was the strange work upon which many of the people were engaged.

They had cut down a number of large trees, which they had chopped and burned into different lengths, from fifteen to twenty feet. With their stone axes they had have axes they had constant they had gone willingly.

"And will Nu, the son of Nu, be such a fool as to follow after a woman swho has chosen another mate when there are those as beautiful whom Nu, the son of Nu, could have a for the axes they had have a fool as to follow after a woman swho has chosen another mate when there are those axes beautiful whom Nu.

When he saw who stood over him past the man.

high tide where Nat-ul's little gandals had left their legible record in the soft loam or upon the higher sand that the water had not reached. The way led southward, and south-ward hurried Nu, the son of Nu. Straight to the old dwellings led the

There Nu found evidence that Nat-There Nu found evidence that Natul had spent the night in a cave
above the one in which he had slept.
There was the bed of grasses and a
trace of the delicate aroma that our
blunted sense of smell could never
have detected, but which was plain
to Nu, and deliciously familiar.
A pang of regret seized him as he
realized that his Nat-ul had been so
closs to him, and that he had un-

realized that his Nat-ul had been so close to him, and that he had unwittingly permitted her to remain alone and unprotected amidst the countless dangers of their savage world, and to go forth, none knew where, into other myriad dangers.

Returning to the foot of the cliff, he

once more came upon the girl's spoor.

Again it led south along the beach.

Swiftly he followed it until it stopped
behind a little clump of bushes at the
top of a rise in the ground. Before
Nu realized that this was the south-Again it led south along the beach, swiftly he followed it until it stopped Boat Builders. Nu knew little of the supernatural, and so he turned first top of a rise in the ground. Before to the nearest material and natural Nu realized that this was the southern limit of the trail he had seen the village beyond and the people engaged in what to him seemed strange or hat the same sight had brought Nat-ul to a halt a few hours before, and now he saw where she

He knew that the same sight had brought Nat-ul to a halt a few hours before, and now he saw where she had lain upon her stomach watching, just as he was watching.

For a few minutes he lay observ-

ing the workers and seeking through the little cluster of skin and thatch shelters for some sign that Nat-ul was a prisoner there. Nu had never seen a boat or

no beautiful Nu had never seen a boat of guessed that such a thing might be. His people had been hunters from time immemorial. They had come atement that down from the great plateaus far in-At her words the young man saw time immemorial. They had come the motive behind her statement that Nat-ui had run away voluntarily with Hud, and now he was more positive than ever that the girl did not speak that such a time had his fore-than ever that the girl did not speak that such a time had been hunters from lightly relinquish his attempts to obtain her Nu had seen the women of the strangers—beside his Nat-ui they looked like the shes of the ape-folk, No, the man would seek to follow and the truth.

was an old, well-worn one traversed daily by many feet, so she had not outstrip him, he knew, but in tife end still, as though to say, "the worst has been able to guess from it that it contained the guide to the direction her people had takem.

As she stood upon the beach trying to reason out her future plans it became apparent that if the tribe had gene north she would have met them gos herveturn from the Barren Cliffs of here.

To the north of the Barren Cliffs and so the turned her own footsteps south away from her people and from Nu, the sen of Nu.

On the Trail of Nat-ul.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Trail of Nat-ul.

AT-UL kept to the beach as firm from Nu, the sen of Nu.

The trail of Nat-ul.

AT-UL kept to the beach as firm from the great sea, stretching away

The short of distance she might he shrugged his shoulders and lay outstrip him, he knew, but in tife end still, as though to say, "the worst has stready been done to me—you can do no more!"

Where is Nat-ul?" asked Nu.

Hud shook his head. Nu knelt bear in the same in the whole head in his arm.

Where is Nat-ul." asked Nu.

Hud shook his head in his arm.

Where is Nat-ul." asked Nu.

Hud shook his head in his arm.

Where is Nat-ul." asked Nu.

Hud shook his head. Nu knelt bear in the cried.

Where is Nat-ul." asked Nu.

Hud shook his head in his arm.

Where is Nat-ul." asked Nu.

Hud shook his head. Nu knelt bear in the cried.

To the north of the Barren Cliffs where in Nat-ul. and then it woo had been running war in the cried.

To the north of the Barren Cliffs where in Nat-ul. ask is what the two had been running war in the cried.

To the north of the Barren Cliffs where in Nat-ul. The work ward the saw that the two had been running war in the cried.

To the north of the Barren Cliffs was the doing marrier. "Hu tried to speak. The effort cost where in the word ward the north for perhaps a hundred ward.

Where is Nat-ul."

Where is Nat-ul." ask is what the two had her arm. In the cried.

themselves.
They did not enter the ocean. They did not approach the jungle. They stopped as though Nat-ul had suddenly been swallowed by a great hole in the beach. But there was no hole.

did not approach the jungle. They stopped as though Nat-ul had suddenty been swallowed by a great hole in the beach. But there was no hole.

Nu halted and looked about in every direction.

There was no trace of any living thing about. Where had Nat-ul gene?

What had become of her? Had the footprints of the man who had pursued her reached the point upon the sand where hers ended, Nu would have concluded that he had picked her up and carried her back to his village; but the man had been a hundred paces behind Nat-ul when her trail ceased, nor had he approached closer to the spot.

And when he had returned to his village he had done so at a rapid run, and the lightness of his spoor in
Nu was nonlined. Could the stranger close upon him. He lunged toward his mother who had him the of sharpened filt upon the with a lusty shriek.

Instantly the camp was in commotion.

No need now for stealth, With a war whoop that might have sprung from a score of lusty lungs Nu leaped through the village among the frightened women and the startled men, awakened rudely from their sleep.

Straight toward the boat ran Nu, and upon his heels raced the three will be enough left of her to bring back is hard to say—I, myself, rather doubt it and think that it is a foolish thing-for Tur to waste his time thus."

Nu was nonlined. Could the stranger of loss upon men.

Who sat scraping, scraping, scraping within the light a lusty shriek.

Instantly the camp was in commotion.

No need now for stealth, With a war whoop that might have sprung from a score of lusty lungs Nu leaped through the camp was in commotion.

Tur was very angry when she escaped him," continued the man.

"Tur was very angry when she escaped him," continued the man.

"He almost had his hands upon her; but he will find her; though whether there will be enough left of her to bring back is hard to say—I, myself, rather doubt it and think that it is a foolish thing-for Tur to waste his time thus."

No was nonlined of the stranger the lim. He lunged toward him film. He lunged to

And when he had returned to his village he had done so at a rapid run, and the lightness of his spoor indicated that he had not been burdened with a heavy load.

For some time Nu stood in be-wildered thought, but at last he turned back toward the village of the

Nu returned to the vantage of the bush before the village. Here he lay down again to watch—he was positive that in some way these people were responsible for the disappearage of Nat-ul.

They knew where she was; and judging by his own estimate of the girl he knew that the man who had seen her and pursued her would not lightly relinquish his attempts to obtain her

the spring where he quenched his thirst.

Then he passed through the jungle to the seat. Here he removed his loing and the skin that covered his based his history of the same and the property of the same and the skin that covered his based his history of the same and the skin that covered his based his history of the same and the skin that covered his based his history of the same and the skin that covered his based his history of the same and the skin that the same and the same and the skin that the same and the skin that the same and the same and the skin that the same and t

ledge to ledge, oftentimes with his nose close to the trail—sniffing.

After half an hour of going back and forth over the same ground and following a rocky ascent upward toward the summit of the cliff a dead, bewildered halt.

The footprints ended abruptly upon the back midway between the ocean and the men. They did not differ greatly from his own people, though their garments and weapons were dissimilar. And now he could hear all their conversation.

"She must be beautiful," a man was saying, "or Tur would not be beach beside the Restless Sea.

Here he found the spoor more plainly marked in many places above high tide where Nat-ul's little sandals had left their legible record in the soft loam or upon the higher sand that the water had not reached.

The way led southward, and south—

Nu halfad and loaked the dainty imprints of Nat-ul's swiftly flying little feet for a hundred paces beyond the end of the man's pursuit—and came to a dead, bewildered halt.

The footprints ended abruptly upon the beach midway between the ocean and the men. They did not differ greatly from his own people, though their garments and weapons were dissimilar. And now he could hear all their conversation.

"She must be beautiful," a man was saying, "or Tur would not the their caroses this strange water to those unknown lands in search of her," and he grinned broadly, casting his light footfail.

After half an hour of going back and the man's pursuit—and came to a dead, bewildered halt.

The footprints ended abruptly upon the beach midway between the ocean similar. And now he could hear all their conversation.

"She must be beautiful," a man was saying, "or Tur would not the mid the men. They did not the men. They did not dead, beautiful," a man was saying, "or Tur would not the men the could not heir greatly from his own people, though the record in the same to and the men. They did not dead abruptly upon the greatly from his own people, though the record in the same to and the men. They did not her and the men. They did not her and th

same instant that the latter reached the boat. The two fell upon one another with their great axes, but Nu, the son of Nu, was a mighty warrior. He dodged the blow of the other's axe, and before his adversary could recover himself to deliver a second Nu's weapon fell upon his skull, crushing it as if it had been an eggshelk.

foolish thing-for Tur to waste his time thus."

Nu was nonplused. Could it be possible that the man they called Tur was pursuing Nat-ul to those distant islands? How could Nat-ul be there?

It was impossible.

And yet there seemed little doubt from the conversation he had overheard that the man was following some woman across the water to the mysterious lands—a woman he had just surprised and chased that very day, and who had eluded him.

Who else could it be Nat-ul?

CHAPTER VI. The Fight in the Surf.

Warriors.

With savage howis they were upon him, their women huddled upon the beach behind them shouting wild cries of encouragement to their men and defiance to the enemy. Nu abandoned the boat and rushed to meet his antagonists. RESENTLY all the boats are the men drag them down close to the water. They in their axes and their harpoons, just as Tur had before he departed.

Nu watches them with feverish infrom the woman of hurling of how and lamentations from the woman. completed, and one by one

No watches them with feverish interest. At last all have been launched

By W. B. M. FERGUSON

the auroch's skin. She did not hear his light footfail.

A baby, now sitting by her side playing with the auroch's tali, looked up to see the stranger close upon him. He lunged toward his mother with a lusty shriek.

Instantly the camp was in commotion. mighty whack upon the very set the boat had quit.

The blow, had it touched the craft, would have splintered it into frewood. For a few minutes the cawas churned to white, crimes stained by the creature's blood, as it thrashed about in impotent fury. Then, as Nu paddled away, the reging ceased and the great carcase floated upon its side.

dragged it toward the water as he had seen the strangers do. But he had taken but a half dozen steps when he was forced to turn and de-

fend himself against the remaining

from the women.

Now the second warrior closed upon

upon its side.
On went Nu, paddling with redoubled energy toward the distant

What he expected to find at his journey's end he could scarce have told. That Nat-ul was there he could not believe, yet what else was drawing him through bountless dangers across the face of the terrible waters? The man Tur had come hither.

He it was who had pursued Nat-ul. Was he etill pursuing her? That he was following some woman Nu was positive from the fragments of conversation he had overheard, and yet though try as he would to believe it he could not make his judgment accept as a possibility the chance that it was really Nat-ul whom the man expected to find upon this distent land.

The wind had risen considerably since Nu set out upon his perilem journey.

Already the waves were running

Already the waves were running high, tipped with white. That the island lay straight before the was all that saved the ruce craft from instant annihilation. All about him the sea was alive with proping

Titanic duels were in progress up every hand as the ferocious replibattled over their kills, or, turnifrom the chase, fell upon one anoth in frenzied joy of battle while the fortunate quarry swam rapidly away.

Through innumerable dangers swept the little tree trunk skiff, to be deposited at last upon the surf-bent-en beach of the nearest island. Scarce had Nu landed and dragged his beat above the rollers when he as a state other boat a short distance from his

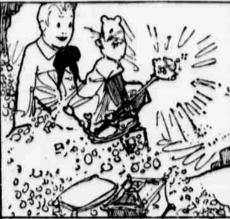
(To Be Continued.)

GOING AWAY FOR THE SUMMER? Remember The Broning World prints each week a complete up-to-date novel -week's reading! Have The Evening World sent to your summer address.

To her it represented the boundary TUMBLE TOM — He Finds the Lost Treasure of Bylow-Land



Just three sleepy summersuals through a misty glade and Tom found himself again in Bylow-land dangeon, accused of having eaten the King's pie. Nibble, nibble! The Country Mouse, gnawing his way out into the sunshine, with wistful eyes invited Tom. Together they, worked faithfully.



Tom, too proud to beg pardon of the Queen of Hearts, deckled to do some great deed and thus win forgiveness. Looking down, Tom lost his balance and tumbled over the edge of a precipice. Mousie followed. Both landed on a treasure heap of precious stones, metal and rich raiment.



Placing a large emerald in the Country Mouse's teeth, Tom sent him ahead to herald his advent to the Queen of Hearts. Bearing the ruby crown and genamed sceptre, together with heaps of precious stones in a golden chest, himself garbed in royal robes, Tom approached the palace.



With great rejoicing and blowing of trumpets they received Tumble Tom. He had indeed tumbled into luck when he tumbled over that precipice and found the great treasure that had been stolen from the palace many years ago, and for which all the noblemen of Bylow-land had searched.

"Sir Knight Tumble Tom," the Queen of Hearts dubbed hira. "Any wish of yours will be granted, Sir Knight," said the Queen when after this ceremony Tom kissed her hand. "Permission, oh, Queen, to search for the bandits," pleaded our hero.